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EDITORIAL

This spring has been like a number of previous seasons, with plenty of rain in sufficient quantities, but not to excess. The country seems to have changed largely to a farming community, as irrigation does not seem to be longer needed. Crops and grass are good and the tillers of the soil are prosperous and happy.

Acting Governor J. W. Reynolds has re-appointed W. M. White, of Colfax county, as a member of the board of trustees of the Miners' hospital located in Raton.

THE GRIST OF LIFE'S MILL

J. MARVIN NICHOLS.

Secrecy is the very heart of love. To possess none is to align ourselves with the common herd. When two hearts possess a secret in common, that much they love. The deeper the secret the more intense the love. To betray that secret is to at once strangle love and transform it into hate.

Napoleon is said to have carried the lives of Alexander the Great, Hannibal and Genghis Khan with him in all his wonderful military engagements. On the battlefield he used them for his pillow. And he became even greater than his models. No life with a low ideal can ever attain its full measure of power and beauty.

The widespread unrest in the con-jugal relations of the country has at least one very sane explanation. However happy the marriage, when it deliberately fails to complete itself in love's crowning annunciation, then forever thereafter it can have no sublimer reach than the intensest friendship. Say—do you understand?

On a sun-dial which stands on the pier of Brighton these words are inscribed: "Tis always morningsome-where in the world." Why grow weary of life when the clouds swing low? The morning sun will drive the mists away. Breezes, richly freighted with the breath of flowers, will come to us again. We shall forget the chill and damp of these low leve-els. Gird yourself for the flight to the distant hills that lie beyond the valley.

This has been a year of freakish legislation. Wisconsin solons said that the ladies' skirts must come at least below the knees, another levied a tax on whiskers, another levied a tax on bachelors, Texas demands that a bed sheet be nine feet long, and now comes Sunflower Kansas and en-acts a law requiring factories to add another half-yard to a fellow's shirt tail. They claim it is a money saver—like a man can use it as a nightie. One might suggest the use of the old lady's and buy no shirt at all.

It is not overwork—that is, in the aggregate—that kills. It is too much work done in too little time that causes the multiplied break-downs in these fast days. Work pure and simple, however hard or constant, rarely impairs the health if only the ordi-nary laws of nature are observed. Mental and bodily toil, when brought within reasonable limits, tend to pro-long rather than shorten life. Over-work does far less injury than under-work—that rare and obscure calam-ity from which nobody is supposed to suffer.

The finest wine grapes grown are produced in soil so stony that there seems to be no soil at all. But nothing but wine grapes could be grown upon it. Here is the thought—the lesson. However sterile your life may now appear there is some great thing for you wherein your life may reach the highest possible perfection. Find your place—that's the great secret of success. After it is discover-ed, it may mean years of apparently ineffectual toil before the goal is reached. But find your place—that solves it.

Men talk of the logic of events—there is the logic of events. Men talk of the nemesis—here is the nem-esis in history. Everything which falls in with the Supreme plan is for-warded and leads on to nobler and wiser issues; everything which stands

against that plan goes into silent de-cay under its awful impact. This is the nemesis of history—the logic of events.

Oliver Cromwell is said to have observed that it is a good thing to strike while the iron is hot, but it is a better thing to make the iron hot by striking. The successful man creates his own occasions. Instead of waiting for things to turn up he turns things up himself. Blaze your own path through the wilderness of the deep forest—you can go that route again, and go alone. The man who sees the polar star can cross any barren waste—but he must look with his own eyes. Stand flat footed—they can't bury a man that stands that way. The age calls for the fel-low that "Keeps a-comin'."

STEEL STREETS IN PARIS.

Made of Harrow Points Filled in with Fine Concrete.

Paris is experimenting with the latest thing in pavement. They call it steel pavement, but it is really a concrete pavement reinforced with a steel framework.

The trial section of it has been laid on the rue Saint-Martin, in front of the conservatoire of arts and indus-tries.

The metal part of the pavement is a plate of perforated steel with strong bolts of steel running through it be-tween the perforations. Each section has some resemblance to a steel har-row, only the prongs project equally on each side and they are square and blunt.

The plates are arranged close to-gether on a bed of rough concrete, such as is used for wood block pave-ment. Then a specially prepared ce-ment is shoveled upon them in a soft condition and rammed down until it makes a solid mass, with the steel frame just leveled off evenly with the upper tips of the prongs.

The steel prongs are so close to-gether that the shoe of every horse and every wheel of any width must rest in part on them and in part on the cement.

It is expected in this way to se-cure a highly durable, but distinctly uneven surface, one on which horses will have sure footing in all weathers and on which they can secure the necessary purchase to pull heavy wads.

It will be superior to asphalt in ul-timate economy and to wood, both in the better footing that it affords to you and in the fact that it affords ad-mit of dangerous ruts developing.

The life of such a pavement with-out serious repair is estimated at ten years as a minimum.—N. Y. Sun.

HIS LAST GALLANT ACT.

Why Salters Would in the Future Stick to His Seat.

"That's the last time—the very last time," yelled Salters, as he slammed his hat on the deck and gave other in-dications of mental anguish.

"Last time for what? Got another sp on a good thing?" queried the bookkeeper, with languid interest.

"No, sir. It's the last time I'll ever give up my seat on a car to a woman," replied Salters, with increas-ing warmth. "I was lucky enough to get a seat in the subway express this morning," he continued, "and was comfortably reading my paper, when a young woman got on at One Hun-dred and Sixteenth street. I was sit-ting in a cross seat when I caught sight of her. She looked tired and de-licate, and seeing nobody else make a motion to get up, I arose, made my self bow and waved my hand toward her vacant place. She bowed stiff-ly and said: 'No, thank you. I never could ride backward.' Before I could get down again a big husky fellow, who had heard her, dropped into the place with a grunt of satisfaction. I said to stand all the way down town. Never again, I tell you."—N. Y. Press.

Fishermen Statesmen.

Quite a number of officials find their recreation along the banks of more or less turbulent streams, in quest of finny prey. Senator Foraker and Senator Proctor are the most prominent senatorial fishermen. The Ohioan frequently steals away from his duties at the capitol for a day's sport with the bass along the upper Potomac. A. C. Conrad, chief clerk of the fourth assistant postmaster general's office is one who has listened to the call of the wild. He is an angler for big game. Maj. Sylvester, chief of police of Washington, and president of the National Police association, is an ar-dent fisherman with more than a local reputation.

AT THE BOARDING HOUSE TABLE

A Few Things Explained.

"Well," said Neverthink, the clerk, at the boarding house breakfast table, as he speared a biscuit with his fork, "I see this man, ex-Senator Burton, has confessed out in San Francisco. That was quite a graft mixup out there, I guess."

Miss Chunky, the fat school teacher, hurriedly put her coffee cup down and coughed. Then she laughed.

"Now, what do you think of that?" she said. "Ex-Senator Burton out in Frisco! Oh, Mr. Neverthink, you'll be the death of me yet. You'll make me laugh myself to death. You ought to read the newspapers."

"What's the joke?" asked the clerk, folding a pancake preparatory to put-ting it in his mouth.

"Why, ex-Senator Burton isn't mixed up in that San Francisco affair. He's from Kansas City, Mo. He never was in Frisco, so far as I ever heard."

"Pardon me, Miss Chunky," came from Wheat, the grain man, "but aren't you wrong about Burton's being from Kansas City? I think—"

"There you go again, Mr. Wheat. Of course, anything I say in your pres-ence is wrong. In fact, when you're near I'm a regular know-nothing," and the fat school teacher cast a look of scorn at the grain man. The latter went down behind his newspaper and there was silence for a moment.

"Well, didn't somebody confess to grafting out there in Frisco?" asked Neverthink.

"Sure," said the fat school teacher.

"It was this man Rueff Schmidt."

"Didn't they try to blame the big fire on him, Miss Chunky?" asked Miss Primm, the little old maid.

"Oh, no. I think not," was the re-ply. "The earthquake caused that, be-yond a doubt."

"I thought," said Neverthink, stir-ring his coffee round and round, "that the Japs got mixed up in that trouble and that President Roosevelt wasn't going to let them go to school."

"Silly boy!" came from Miss Chunky. "At the time of the earthquake and fire there were no Japs in Frisco."

"Did they fire them all out?" asked the grain man from behind his paper.

At first the fat school teacher thought the question was meant seri-ously. "I think not," she said. Then the quiet laughter of the grain man made her realize that he had sprung a joke and that she had "bitten."

"But, by the way, Mr. Wheat," she added, "I'd rather you wouldn't spring any of your coarse witticisms at my expense. You ought to be playing end-man in the minstrel show of George Cohan. You're funnier, I think, than even George Primrose Dockstader. But your work is coarse."

The grain man did not reply. The railroad man next to him smiled faintly.

"I thought," said Neverthink, "that it was just the other way. I under-stood the Jap school children wanted to labor and the president said, 'No, sir; you'll go to school.' Then when he did it this Queen Alexandra, dow-ager empress of China and Japan, got sore."

"Goodness me, Mr. Neverthink!" said the fat school teacher. "Why on earth don't you put in a few minutes a day and read the newspapers? You talk idiotically. The empress of China has nothing to do with Japan, further than to keep Siam out of her hands. And Queen Alexandra is the wife of England's kaiser, not of China's mikado."

"That so?" said Neverthink, inno-cently. "I thought it was the other way."

The grain man smiled at the rail-road man and the latter smiled back. But they both kept discreetly quiet. Everybody was busy eating for a cou-ple of minutes and then Neverthink said:

"I see Harry Thaw has got his luna-tic commission. Looks like that fel-low can get anything he wants, eh?"

"He didn't want it," responded Miss Chunky quickly. "He says he'd rather go to the electric gallows than to an insane asylum."

"They call them nut factories, don't they, Miss Chunky?" asked Wheat without a smile.

"Not at all," replied the fat school teacher haughtily. "Nut factory is slang for 'iron foundry.' Iron nuts are made for bolts at such places."

"Is there such a place as a cocoanut factory?" asked Wheat.

"Funny again, eh?" came from Miss Chunky. "It seems to me that after each meal here I have to sit down and take a rest. Mr. Wheat's alleged jokes make me so tired."

Again Wheat went out of sight be-hind his paper.

How Plutes Catch Quail.

These natives have a unique way of getting quail. For them there is no closed season, or indeed any game law whatever. Seasons when the quail come down from the mountains to the spring the Indians make great preparations for their capture.

They build a bough house, with a long, slender opening in front, formed of tall straight sticks set closely to-gether. Within the house an Indian sits concealed, holding a long limber rod, which he operates dexterously through the narrow opening. In the early morning when the birds flock down for water he picks them off, one at a time, killing them instantly.

There is no report in this manner of hunting to frighten others away, and the Indian often gets enough game in a single morning for the whole settlement.

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